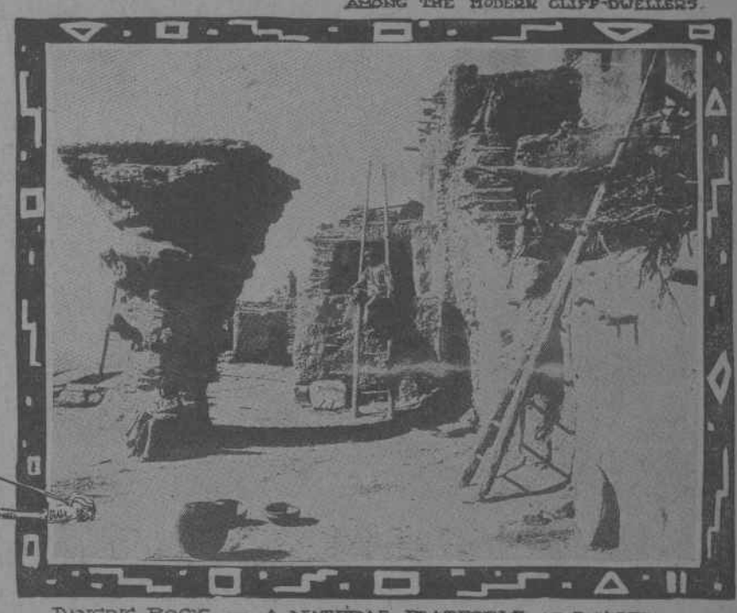
PREHISTORIC FLATS AND APARTMENT HOUSES.

WHERE THE CANYON INDIAN RACES OF WESTERN AMERICA ANTICIPATED THE CLIFF-DWELLINGS OF NEW YORK & CHICAGO.

A CLIFF DWELLING IN THE MANCOS CANYON.

BASKERS IN A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AMONG THE MODERN CLIFF-DWELLERS.



DANCING ROCK — A NATURAL PLATFORM AT WALPI.

TWO MODERN CLIFF-DWELLERS.

A MASKER

THE first American flat dwellers, who lived from three to five centuries before Columbus landed on the shores of the New World, may furnish an interesting exhibit at the St. Louis Fair, where it has been suggested that some of the apartment houses they occupied might be reproduced on a small scale. It would not be practicable to show them in full size, because some of them were actually as large as the great department buildings at Washington.

These huge monuments of aboriginal architecture would be presented to view in the shape of accurate, though miniature, copies, with incidental arrangements to show how the prehistoric people who lived in them were accustomed to occupy themselves and to pass their time. One such structure, which has specially suggested itself as a model, stands to-day in a half ruined condition on the banks of the Animas River. It is about the size of the government Patent Office and contained no fewer than five hundred rooms.

In Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado there is a region covering more than five hundred square miles which is thickly sprinkled with the architectural remains of these ancient castle builders. To give them that title, indeed, is by no means inappropriate, inasmuch as many of the larger edifices erected by them and built entirely of stone were crowned with massive towers and defended by formidable battlements, behind which a garrison was well protected against a besieging enemy.

Such buildings, in fact, did serve as fortresses on frequent occasions. Under ordinary circumstances they housed whole communities, providing shelter for a large number of families, like a modern apartment house, but when danger threatened they were convertible at a moment's notice into defensible works, and every inhabitant, without regard to age or sex, was called upon to help in repelling the foe.

The fortified flat dwellings were erected on broad, rocky shelves of the canyons of the San Juan, the Mancos, the La Plata and other rivers. Some of them were more than one thousand feet above the streams that ran below—uplifting their battlemented walls in almost inaccessible hollows of the cliffs. But in many cases the buildings were more properly to be described as walled towns, while in some instances they were mere groups of stone huts, artfully concealed from hostile eyes by giving to them a likeness to the surrounding rocks.

The people who built these castles and towns on the shelves of the canyons have passed away, but it is far from correct to refer to them as a "lost race," inasmuch as their descendants survive even at the present day and are recognizable under the names of Moki and Zuni—two tribes, peaceful in character and semi-civilized, which now, as erstwhile, are flat dwellers, occupying towns which are to all intents and purposes gigantic apartment houses, being merely clusters of rooms constructed beehive fashion.

It should be realized that the ancient flat dwellers, though pre-Columbian, were very far from being savages. They were a peaceful race, tilling the fields and raising corn and beans with the help of an excellent system of irrigation. Sheep they kept in large corrals, and they are known also to have domesticated the dog and the turkey. For the latter they found a variety of uses, eating its flesh, employing its feathers as a material for burial garments, and training the birds to run races. Traces of race tracks for turkeys have actually been found in the neighborhood of some of the prehistoric towns.

Such a building as has been here described must have furnished living quarters for as many as one thousand persons. It was built entirely of stone, and was three or four stories in height, surmounted by towers which were doubtless designed for keeping watch. For the peaceful cliff dwellers lived in continual dread of the raids which were made periodically by the warlike and ferocious Apaches. On such occasions they were driven to seek safety in their inaccessible retreats in the rocky faces of the canyon walls, whence they must have watched with grief and despair the destruction of their crops and the carrying off of their live stock by the savage foe.

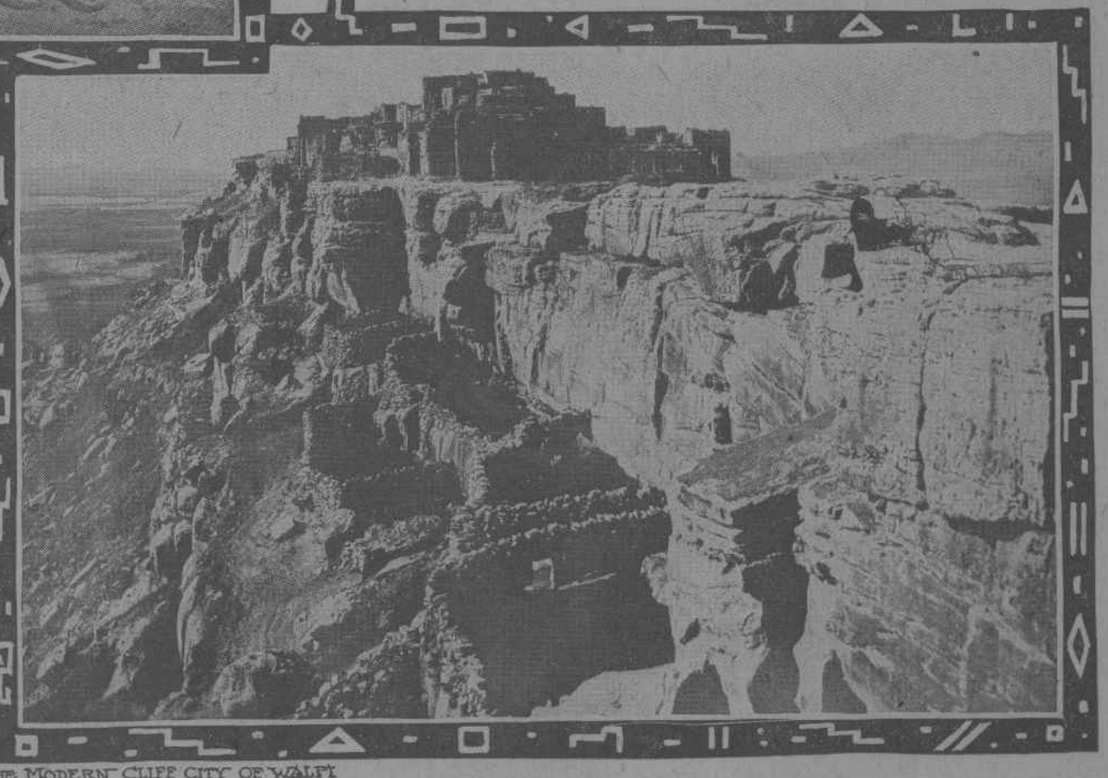
The people of the cliffs always kept on hand large stores of corn and beans, but it is difficult to see how, for lack of water, they could have resisted a long siege. Their fortresses were practically impregnable, the outer walls being commonly erected flush with the face of the cliff and without doors. Entrance could only be had through windows, and by means of rope ladders which were drawn up when notice of danger was given. In such a situation a mere handful of defenders could keep off a whole army of assailants merely by dropping rocks.

The amount of labor expended in the construction of the castles and walled towns described must have been enormous. All of the material had to be brought, piece by piece, up the vertical cliff for a distance of five hundred feet or more in some cases. The stone for the outer walls was cut and dressed, and finally a layer of plaster was spread both outside and inside. Women and children mixed and spread the plaster, and in many cases the clear impression of slender fingers and chubby little hands shows how they did it.

The flat dwellers knew no better weapon than the bow and arrow. They made pottery and fine baskets, as well as mats, and the pots they painted beautifully. Their dead were wrapped in mats and mantles of turkey feathers, and sometimes were walled up in the houses. The air was so dry that the corpses did not decay, but were converted into mummies. In the dark back rooms toward the rock face food was stored, and in the middle was the common kitchen, where sheep were roasted in a pit. The floors were of cedar logs, with small poles laid across them and covered with a carpet of cedar bark.

The modern Moki and Zuni have the most elaborate religious ceremony in the world, and their ancestors were not less pious than they. One of the most important features of the prehistoric apartment house was a circular tower, thirty or forty feet in diameter, which had no doors or windows, and was accessible only through a tubelike passage not more than two feet across. Only by crawling was it possible for anybody to enter the tower, which was a sanctuary dedicated to the worship of the sun god, the chief divinity recognized by the people of the cliffs.

Just how it came about nobody knows, but a time must have arrived when life and property became more safe in that part of the country. The people of the cliffs were enabled to abandon their eyries, moving down into the valleys and building their towns on the plains, like the pueblos of Zuni. Sometimes, for greater protection, they built on the elevated mesas, as in the case of Walpi, which stands upon a lofty table of rock surrounded by precipitous cliffs. But even to the present day the ancient beehive method of construction is followed, a Zuni or Moki town being to all intents and purposes a vast apartment house. Like their prehistoric forebears, the Pueblo Indians of to-day are flat dwellers, and their habits and customs are much like those of their pre-Columbian ancestors.



THE MODERN CLIFF CITY OF WALPI

What Has Become of the Tout?

The Persuasive Personality Still Exists, but Keeps Off the Track and Plays the Gentleman.

AND what of the tout?

How about the genius of the track who works in such a mysterious way his wonders to perform? What has become of the persuasive person who was a feature of the old time tracks before the advent of the Jockey Club, the good old days of "Spider" Anerdons, "Andy" McCarthys, Ivy Cities and Pimlico?

The tout has not passed; he has evoluted. He is as active to-day as he was fifteen years ago, but his activities are conducted along improved lines.

The veteran racegoer remembers well the tout of the gone by time. The tout that was big and black and grinning, when he wasn't little and white and persuasive. He usually had a quasi connection with a racing stable to the extent of being acquainted with one of the "rubbers" in said stable. That was really as far as his connection extended, but to hear him tell it, he was the confidential companion of the owner.

The tout of "the Gut," as the famous—or infamous—resort across the Hudson was commonly called, would glide up to a man who appeared undecided as to what to play, lean forward, whisper a word in the ear of the victim and silently steal away. By exercising care in the selection of his prey the tout was pretty apt to approach one having curiosity enough to wish to hear more. The tout would hurry to a deserted corner of the ring and the "mark" would follow. Then would come the explanation. Peril was a copper riveted, airtight, lead pipe cinch, and would spreadeagle his field and win by two city blocks. It was all over but getting in line behind the pay-off boxes.

Then a bet would go down on Peril.

Mr. Tout, selecting another victim, would vary his advice by sounding the praises of Capulin. A bet would go down on Capulin. By selecting two or three horses in a race and touting each to a different man the tout had a strong percentage in favor of winning with one.

After the race he would meet, at the appointed place, the man he "steered right"—avoiding those places where he had agreed to meet the others—and would collect "his bit" from the winner.

Touting became such a nuisance as to call for Pinkerton correction, and the game as it was originally invented languished.

Now there is a vast improvement in the system. The ring is no longer tout infested. There wouldn't be room for him to work in these progressive days of record breaking crowds. The tout of the old days is gone. The ill-kept stable boy, the offensive negro and his kind are no more.

In their place is the twentieth century brand of track tipster. He conducts most of his operations away from the track. He frequents the hotels where sporting men meet. He wears as good clothes as are worn by the men from whom he gets his revenue. He spends money freely and he makes acquaintances. He interests the sportily inclined in his own success. He explains that he is regularly lucky, for the reason that he pays a high price for the information which he receives. He laughs at the tipping bureaus which supply information on business principles at so much per day.

He sits in the grill room of a smart inn with a victim, orders a bottle of wine and enters into an agreement by which they are to come into possession of important information from a crack jockey. The tout is to approach the jockey and offer to put down a big bet, say a hundred dollars, on the horse known to the jockey as the probable winner.

The victim, in return for the information, is to bet the $100 for the jockey in addition to betting whatever he wishes for himself. The tout asks nothing for his friendly offices. A question of money between gentlemen like himself and his victim would not be clubby. All he wants is that the victim bet $100 for the jockey and turn the winnings over to him—the tout. The tout will then pay the jockey and everybody will be happy.

It is, after all, the same old tout. Only he has altered his style to fit current conditions, and he plays only for big game.

The most successful tout in the business dresses well nigh as handsomely as Judge Clarence McDowell or George Wheelock. His clothes are made by a Fifth avenue tailor and he is seen in the company of the most respectable citizens. When he lands a bet through one of the well-to-do acquaintances he has picked up he puts half of his winnings into clothes. He always looks immaculate, he is a good talker and it is little wonder he seldom ends a week without having landed a big fish in his inviting net.

Aniline Dyes Bring Stage Scenery Within Reach of the Impecunious.

THE making of stage scenery and accessories has not only become a business of much magnitude, but it has developed largely peculiar inventive genius, made a unique field for the exercise of superior artistic talent and facility and brought into play a high order of mechanical skill. This entirely independent of the regular artists and artisans of the great playhouses.

From one "studio" in New York devoted to the painting, modelling and fabricating of such scenery and furniture a large proportion of the travelling theatrical companies of the country obtain the equipment for their productions, and so completely have the experience and observation of the artist who owns this studio and directs its affairs subordinated space and bulk to the requirements of stage setting that the entire scenic outfit of a company, "drops," "wings," "borders" and even furniture, may be carried in ordinary wardrobe trunks. It has made the once appalling items of express charges, cartage, extra baggage and freight of no importance, for a trunk or two may now do the service for an itinerant troupe that formerly required special baggage cars and scenery trucks, and these expenses ran very high up into the hundreds of dollars for the season.

The invention, if such it may be called, is simply the substitution of aniline dyes for mineral pigments in the colors used on the canvas. The thin but brilliant aniline tints become virtually a part of the canvas itself. The scenery can be folded without injury to its effect, and made to accommodate itself to the convenience of the manager in transportation and manipulated to the capacity or resources of the stage upon which it is used, whereas a canvas spread with color in the old time way would quickly part with its decorated surface and become a mottled and meaningless expanse of cloth if not kept in circumspect position in transit by cumbersome frames and unbending braces.

This process of equipping a "show" with its scenery and stage fittings has not only economized in space and cost of transportation, but it has economized in the charges for canvas and settings to such an extent that scarcely a town or village large enough to boast of its town hall or an "opera house" has not its gay and comprehensive complement of stock, scenery, furniture and stage accessories. To this system of theatrical outfitting is also due the great increase in the number of travelling shows of all kinds, and so perhaps it may not be said to have added much to the public benefit.

To one who has an hour to spare nothing could be more interesting than a visit to this unique studio and dramatic outfitting shop. "Anything that any stage carpenter can do, with all his facilities, we can do here, and give him points," the attendant will say, and the space, the clatter of hammer and the swish of plane are sufficient to convince one that he knows what he is talking about. He tells you that is the workshop. The art departments are up stairs. Up one flight a well known modeller in clay is fashioning with a deft hand a beautiful design. Taken and cast in bronze it would excite admiration and command prices, but it is simply a design for a mould into which plastic papier-maché is to be pressed and manipulated, to become later the ornamentation and furnishing of a stage interior, which, in its shining gilt and artistic elaboration, will appeal to the spectator as a costly evidence of some manager's devotion to the truth of history and knowledge of that particular drama's time. Some of the most bewildering, beautiful and elaborate stage settings—apparently the result of an outlay of thousands of dollars to effect—that have ever been seen in this country came from this studio and were simply papier-maché and gilt.

Like the up to date theatrical painter and engraver, the proprietor of this studio does not seem to think any artist too good to employ in his work.